

Anita O'Day

"France"

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The ideal girl,
In London from France
Came Over and left me,
She left me entranced.
Now I have to get by,
Once again on my own,
Nothing but... memories.

See i remember your eyes,
In their dark shade of brown,
While these blue eyes of mine,
They stay closed.
I kissed you goodbye on the M-109
I choked as I watched the bus go, oh-oh

[Instrumental chorus]

Choking and smoking to your angelic soul,
Choking and smoking myself into a hole,
Where the only way out is to sleep and to dream,
And to cry... out your na-a-ame

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